

Many professions and tasks are all ended,
"Old Probant" for the day is dismissed,
in the evening gather around me,
Deaf-mute, and night and be kissed;
with dogs white arms that encircle
the child in tender embrace;
the smiles that are halos of heaven,
Shedding sunshine of love on my face.

And when they are gone I sit dreaming
Of my childhood, too lovely to last,
Of love that my heart will remember,
When it wakes to the pulse of the past,
Ere the world and its wickedness made me,
A partner of sorrow and sin;
When the glory of God was about me,
And the glory of gladness within.

Oh, my heart grows as weak as a woman's,
And the fountains of feeling will flow
When I think of the paths steep and stony,
Where the feet of the dear ones must go;
Of the mountain of sin hanging o'er them,
Of the tempest of Fate blowing wild;
Oh, there is nothing on earth half so holy,
As the innocent heart of a child.

They are idols of hearts and of households;
They are angels of God in disguise.
His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses,
His glory still gleams in their eyes.
Oh, those truant from home and from heaven,
They have made me more manly and mild,
And I know how Jesus could liken
The Kingdom of God to a child.

I ask not a life for the dear ones,
All radiant, as others have done,
But that life may have just enough shadow,
To temper the glare of the sun.
I would pray God to guard them from evil,
But my prayers would bound back to myself;
Ah! a seraph may pray for a sinner,
But a sinner must pray for himself.

The twig is so easily bended,
I have banished the rule and the rod,
I have taught them the goodness of knowledge,
They have taught me the goodness of God.
My heart is a dungeon of darkness,
When I shut them from breaking a rule;
My frown is sufficient correction,
My love is the law of the school.

I shall leave the old house in the autumn,
To traverse its threshold no more,
Ah! how I shall sigh for the dear ones,
That meet me each morn at the door;
I shall miss the good nights and the kisses,
And the hush of their innocent glees;
The group on the green, and the flowers,
That are brought every morning to me.

I shall miss them at morn and at even;
Their song in the school and the street;
I shall miss the low hum of their voices,
And the tramp of their delicate feet.
When the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And death says, "The school is dismissed,"
May the little ones gather around me,
To bid me good night and be kissed.

AGNES HAVILAND'S RIDE.

Aggie Haviland came walking slowly down the straggling, ill-built principal street of the new Western village one warm September day, her hands full of letters and papers. The dry goods clerk and the druggists had kept a sharp lookout for the flutter of her blue muslin, and came casually to the door in time for a bow and a smile. The editor of the "Waneta News," who did more than the brainwork of his journal, on the contrary, kept carefully out of sight, lest he should be seen in his shirt-sleeves, while she got a passing vision of a fair face and sunny brown curls, under a broad hat.

Young Dr. Hadden made minute inquiries concerning Mrs. Haviland's health since her last attack, in the vain hope of eliciting some symptom that would justify his immediate attendance. It might have been very well for his suit if he had; but mamma was "much better than usual, thank you," and he was obliged to let her pass on homeward alone.

The sun was still high in the western sky behind her, gilding the waters of a beautiful, broad river. Aggie lingered on the long bridge, looking at sky and water, the shaded banks and fair meadows beyond, but quickened her steps when she perceived that Melissa Briggs was making signals to her from the front gate.

"Aggie, your ma is jest in a peck of half bushels!" said Miss Briggs as Aggie drew near. "She's got a galvanic dispatch for your pa, and he's up to the fruit-farm."

Agnes ran up the flower-bordered walk, and hurried into the sitting-room, where her mother, a nervous invalid, sat, excited and troubled, with the telegram in her hands.

"Agnes, how can we get word right away to your father? Here is a message from Mr. Knox for him to be in New York by Friday, without fail. Aggie, the whole suit depends upon his being there!"

"Don't be troubled, mamma; we can find plenty of ways," said Aggie, smiling brightly, taking the dispatch, while her mother leaned back with an air of relief, as if she had handed over all responsibility with the paper, for Agnes had learned self-reliance as her mother had lost it.

"Let me see; papa went up with Martin and the peach-boxes, and expects to come back by the Jones Settlement stage."

"And that doesn't come down until Thursday night," said Mrs. Haviland, worrying again. "Agnes, your father is full of notions. The loss of that suit would be more than twenty farms in the Sand Ridge!"

"The fault farm is a pretty good notion, though," said Agnes, brightly. "I'll tell you what I think, mamma; it will be better to go after him myself—then there will be no mistake."

"It is twelve miles through the woods," objected Mrs. Haviland.

"Only three or four miles of forest, mamma; and I shall be there before night."

"But I shall be uneasy about you, Haven't I heard something bad about the people up that way?"

"I guess not," laughed Aggie. "Now, mother, don't worry about me! As if I

The Deaf-Blind's Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

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couldn't ride up to the farm and back, with papa, in time for the train in the morning."

So it was settled, and Aggie ran out to the stables to have the horses saddled, Melissa Briggs following.

"What's up, Aggie?" queried the damsel.

"I am going after father," replied Agnes.

"Who's going along?"

"No one."

"I wouldn't do it for nothin' in this livin' world!" cried Melissa. "The horse-thieves'll catch you!"

"I guess not," said Agnes, with indifference.

"Why, Aggie, you shan't do it. They killed a peddler up there once for his money."

"Melissa, isn't that what you call a bogie-story?"

"No, sir-ee," chimed in Billy, the stable-boy; "the stage-driver always carries pistols."

"Well, I've got to go, at any rate," said she, turning toward the house; "and don't either of you tell those stories to mother for anything."

Mr. Haviland was engaged in a litigation which might leave him a millionaire or the possessor of only very moderate means. In anticipation of the latter result, he prudently resolved to lay the foundation for another fortune. So he bought Western land and engaged in various enterprises.

The Sand Ridge region extends over miles and miles of country, consisting of wooded, sandy ridges, with intervening marshes and occasional openings. Game of all sorts was plentiful, but the soil was thought to be worthless, and the few inhabitants were believed to be there for the purpose of harboring horse-thieves and sharing their profits.

In one of these sheltered openings Mr. Haviland had built a cottage, planted acres of small fruits and a peach-orchard, now just coming into bearing, placing all under the charge of a trusty man in his employ.

His Western interest demanded long and frequent absences from home, and, having fallen in love with Western life, he had, within the last year, built a pretty house, and brought his family to Waneta.

Had Agnes Haviland understood the character of part of her route, she would have looked long for a messenger before she would have undertaken the ride; but she gave very little thought to the horse-thief stories, hurried on her trim riding-habit of navy-blue, perched her little plumed cap over the feathery brown curls with their glint of gold, and gathered up her long skirt to hasten down stairs, but, on second thought, turned back and took from a drawer a little toy of a pocket-pistol with which she sometimes amused herself in firing at a mark.

In a few moments she was cantering down the carriage-way on her spirited iron-gray, leading her father's glossy chestnut by the lead, Melissa Briggs protesting to the last.

"Have you stole a hoss? Goin' to run him off to Injanny?" The speaker was old Capt. Billings, and Aggie dashed on, laughing.

For a time the ride was delightful. Over smooth roads, past cultivated farms, the horses dashed on abreast, seeming to grow more spirited and ambitious for their chase across the green country in the golden autumn air.

But now the dwellings were less and less frequent, and by the time she reached the belts of timber, she confessed to herself a feeling of nervousness. The sun was getting low, and the forest-road looked lonely. She had traversed about two miles of woods when the horses sprang aside, startled by the sudden apparition of two men, muddy and rough-looking, with guns.

Aggie's heart gave a great leap, and, thoroughly frightened, she urged the horses on at a flying pace; but the men only lifted their hats, one of them with easy grace, the other bowing with all a Frenchman's effusion.

"Only hunters," thought Agnes, ashamed of her cowardice.

"By Jove! Fernand! who would have expected such a vision as that in this wilderness? She must be bound for the plantation that we came upon this morning."

"No doubt, *mon ami*."

"Those were vicious-looking scoundrels we saw stealing through the timber a while ago. Suppose we strike across here and see that she passes the creek safely!"

"Wiz all my heart," responded monsieur.

Coming soon to the little stream, Agnes stopped to let the horses drink. It was a pretty place; the shallow water clear and limpid, the banks covered with close undergrowth of bushes, a blaze of cardinal flowers in the marshy islets.

Tired by rapid riding, she rested a few minutes, leaning over to watch the tiny fish darting here and there, quite unconscious of the ill-looking figure lurking behind a large tree near by, and hidden by the bushes.

"Ha'n't you stole a hoss, miss?" Aggie started, almost expecting to see Capt. Billings, but beholding a most villainous-looking individual instead. "Looks pow-

erful like it," he continued, passing his arm through the chestnut's bridle-rein and grasping the other.

"You are mistaken, sir," said Agnes, quietly, "I am on my way to my father's farm."

"Can't believe you, my beauty. Reckon I'll have to set you down yer and take the hosses."

"You will do no such thing!" cried Agnes, roused and fearless now, in the face of real danger. "Let go my bridle, or I'll fire on you!" drawing her little revolver.

"Law!" said the man, with a grin, confident she would not fire without further warning.

"I shall not hesitate if you don't drop that bridle!" said she, taking aim. But the words were scarcely spoken when her arm was seized with an iron grip, and another wicked face leered up at her.

"Let go, you coward!" cried she.

"Pritty good grit," said he. "Bill, I reckon we'll take the gal along with the beasts."

Then a chill like death came over her. There was a sudden rush through the underbrush, and Agnes' captor felt a pistol-barrel pressed to his temple.

"Let go your hold, this instant, you villain!" commanded its owner; "and let go he did, not daring to stir; the other turned to flee, but found himself covered by Paul Fernand's rifle.

"Stop, my pleasant friend," said monsieur, and he complied.

Then Agnes disengaged the halter-straps, and the fellows were secured to the neighboring trees, in spite of their protestations that it was only a little joke—they didn't mean nothing. The Frenchman remained to guard the prisoners, and the handsome young hunter galloped on with Agnes to the farmhouse.

Mr. Haviland and a posse of farmhands hurried back with him to the scene of adventure, only to find poor Monsieur Fernand overwhelmed with chagrin, the prisoners gone, and the unfortunate naturalist securely bound in their stead. A paper was left fastened to a tree bearing the classical inscription, "Ketch a weezle asleep!"

"Dey did vissle two, tree times," said monsieur. "Dey say dey haf one dog somevers, but whiles I keep one eye on dem, and one to dis wonderfule creature, like a dry twig wiz legs I was seize from behind, and two fellows tie me and take my gun, and dey all go everymore—dis way and dat vey. *Helas!*" mourned monsieur; "dey vas so easy to be tie. I am one idiot. I should know dey have friends here."

"My dear child!" exclaimed Mr. Haviland, anxiously, when he returned to the cottage, "have you quite recovered from your fright?"

"I don't think I was very much frightened," said Agnes. "Papa, I thought you would surely bring the gentlemen back with you!"

"This is all my fault, Agnes! I never thought of your coming up here alone! I took every precaution to keep these things from you, so you would not borrow trouble about me when I am up here."

"Papa, they may have saved my life, and I did not even thank them!"

"My dear, I said everything," said her father, "but they were far from their camp, and their party is going to move further on early in the morning; they will call on us, my dear, when they pass through Waneta, on their way home."

But Agnes' thoughts often reverted that evening to a handsome face, a lithe graceful figure, a trick of voice and manner which would render the luckless beaux of Waneta insipid forever.

The rising moon cast a soft, uncertain light over the hunters' camp, on a green ridge across the marshes. A grand bonfire was blazing; there was much laughing and jesting among the dark figures busied around it, and a savory smell of camp cookery pervaded the air. Is there any pleasure in the world like camping out in the autumn woods? Can anything compare in flavor with stews and roasts prepared over the campfire? Is any sleep so sweet as that under the little tent, with the wind in the tree-tops, the hooting of owls and distant yelping of prairie wolves for music? The Indian's happy hunting-grounds is no mean anticipation of future bliss. It was a scene for an artist, and Ray Fielding had often studied it with an artist's eye; but to-night a different picture occupied his mind, and his cigar went out, forgotten in pleasing reverie.

The two friends had prudently spared themselves from unmerciful railery, by keeping their story to themselves, but as they lay resting on their blankets spread on the greensward, the Frenchman became visible with whimsical regrets over his misadventure.

"A pretty tale to relate to our friends—verry tale!"

"Beautiful!" said Fielding, with repressed enthusiasm.

"We shall never have such an opportunity no more!"

"Yes, when we come back," mused Fielding.

"I never would think I should be so precious green!"

"No, blue," said Ray, irrelevantly.

"Eh?" said Paul regarding him quizzically. "Ah, oui, certainement, deeplee,

darklee, beautifullee blue—eh, *mon ami*, caught at last!"

"Nonsense!" said Ray; but he resolved to know more of beautiful, intrepid Agnes Haviland.

The hunting party, in due time, disbanded and returned to the prosaic earning of bread and butter, but the artist and naturalist still lingered. Making Waneta their headquarters, they went out hunting and fishing, the Frenchman collecting specimens, and Fielding filling his portfolio with some of the best work of his life. It was the life in which Paul delighted, and Ray spent all his evenings with sweet Agnes. These Canadian days could not last forever, but before young Fielding departed for his distant city home, certain credentials had been laid before Mr. Haviland, and the loveliest in Waneta had been wooed and won.

The great suit was at length favorably decided, and Mr. Haviland's investments, combined with the fortune of his son-in-law, gave great impetus to the new beautiful little city of Waneta.

The horse-thief region has become quite harmless and respectable, is being rapidly drained and settled, and Agnes Fielding and her husband often ride out thither to visit their great fruit and stock farms in the Sand Ridge.

Early History of the Danes.

Bound by a limited territory, in a climate where population rapidly increases, it is not to be wondered at that Denmark and Norway were overstocked with inhabitants, and, consequently forced to send away large colonies. Their natural inclination to a sea-life made these exiles readily abandon their country; and the great booty the first adventurers gained, tempted the richest and most powerful of their countrymen to urge their fortunes in the same manner; to which end they entered into associations, and fitted out large fleets to seek and ravage foreign countries. These associations were much of the same nature with those formed in modern times by the corsairs of Barbary; and they became so entirely devoted to this mode of life that very considerable fleets were put to sea. They had the authority and examples of their highest leaders, who occasionally commanded them in person, for what they did. These leaders were known by the name of Seakings. Their fleets made great devastation in several parts of Europe, particularly France, England, and the Low Countries. In France they were called Normans—that is, men of the north, but in England they were generally called Danes. There is no doubt that the Swedes and Goths very often joined with the Danes in their piratical expeditions; and it appears that the Frieslanders also were concerned with them in ravaging the coasts of France and England. The Saxon historians call them indifferently Gotes, Goths, Jutes, Norwegians, Danians, Danes, Swedes, Vandals, and Frieslanders.—*Cassell's History of England, New Edition.*

Her Love Had Waned.

They came out of a Michigan avenue grocery, he carrying a big jug, and as they reached the walk he said:

"Now, Dolly, you carry the jug and give me that quarter of a pound of tea."

"I'd like to see myself!" she replied.

"Dolly, do you want to see your husband lugging an old brown jug through the crowded streets of the metropolis—do you want others to see him?"

"Come along with that jug!" she impatiently exclaimed.

"Dolly, there's a gallon of molasses in here, and we know it, but everybody else will think it's whiskey if I carry it."

"Let 'em think."

"Dolly, if you love me you will carry the jug."

"I won't!"

"Then I won't! I got twice as much character to sustain as you have!"

"Sustain it then," she said as she started for the wagon around the corner. He called to her, but she did not answer. Giving the big jug a terrific swing into the air, he let go his hold and it came down with an awful crash.

"Lasses is nothing to principle!" he explained to the little crowd, and then followed on after Dolly.

Mr. Parsons, a lawyer in Chicago, was trying a case before a jury, being counsel for the prisoner. The judge was very hard upon him, and the jury brought in a verdict of guilty. Mr. Parsons moved for a new trial. The judge denied the motion, and remarked: "The court and the jury think the prisoner a knave and a fool." The counsel promptly replied: "The prisoner wishes me to say he is perfectly satisfied—he has been tried by a court and jury of his peers!"

When the celebrated Dunning, afterwards Lord Ashburton, was "stating law" to a jury in court, Lord Mansfield interrupted him saying, "If that be law, I'll go home and burn my books!" "My lord," retorted Dunning, "you had better go home and read them."

Discipline.

I have a lovely child waiting for me on the "thither shore," whose many playful and earnest sayings are still quoted by us in our family talks, quite as often with smiles as tears. Hers was a sunny life. We knew that should the Father prolong her existence into womanhood, the power of making her happiness, would be no longer ours. But while our children were children, to us belonged the precious prerogative of flooding their hearts with delight, making of home a haven of joy and peace they would never forget, whatever the coming years might bring. Our darling, then, was a happy, healthy child, and symmetrical in mind as body—learning readily, and usually with ease, the simple lessons suited to her years. Yet at nine years of age she said to me one night before going to bed: "Mamma, when I remember as I lay my head on the pillow every night, that I have to say the 9 column of the multiplication table to-morrow, I almost wish I could die in my sleep, and the morning never come."

With my heart aching in the great pity I could so ill express to one so young I took her in my arms, and told her of the need she would have, in after-life, of the knowledge gained so hardly; how, setting aside the actual utility of the multiplication table, she would be better, wiser, stronger always for the discipline of the study.

She lived to laugh at the recollection of the fearful bugbear. Do I recall the incident with the least shade of remorse that I did not yield to my compassion and her pleading eyes, and remit, for good and all, the dreaded exercise? On the contrary, I am thankful that strength was given me to teach her how to battle and to conquer. And—I say it in no irreverent spirit of speculation—I have faith to believe that in the richer, deeper life beyond, she still, in some way or sense, reaps the good of that which she won by resolute labor, and by the victory over her faint-heartedness.—MARION HARLAND'S "Breakfast, Luncheon and Tea."

No Grit.

It was near midnight. The young man had faredwell himself out, and Emeline had locked the door and was untying her shoes when her mother came down stairs with a bed quilt around her, and said:

"Wanted to creep up stairs without my hearing you, eh? Didn't think I knew it was an hour after midnight, did you?"

The girl had no reply, and the mother continued:

"Did he propose this time?"

"Why—mother?" exclaimed the daughter.

"You can why, mother; all you want to, but don't I know that he has been coming here for the last year? Don't I know that you've burned up at least four tons of coal courting around here?"

The girl got her shoes off, and the mother stood in the stair door and asked: "Emeline, have you got any grit?"

"I guess so."

"I guess you haven't. I just wish that a feller with false teeth and a mole on his chin would come sparking me. Do you know what would happen, Emeline?"

"No."

"Well, I'll tell you. He'd come to time in sixty days, or he'd get out of this mansion like a goat jumping for snowflakes."

Emeline went to bed to reflect over it.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Disease a Help to the Intellect.

In his "Enigmas of Life," Mr. Greg, the English essayist, takes the ground that bodily pain and disease are not only compatible with, but may directly contribute to the loftiest efforts of the intellect, sometimes positively enhancing its powers—that the effect of some disorders and of certain sorts of pain upon the nerves is to produce a cerebral excitation, and that the stimulus thus communicated to the material organ of thought renders it for the time capable of unusual effort. Mr. Greg asserts that men under the stirring influence of severe pain are capable of a degree of imaginative and ratiocinative brilliancy which astonishes themselves and all who have known them only in the ordinary moods of comfort; torpid faculties becoming vigorous and sparkling, forgotten knowledge being recovered and marvelous gleams of insight being vouchsafed them. The wonderful eloquence of Robert Hall is believed to have been greatly owing to the stimulating influence of a terrible spinal malady. Dr. Connelly mentions a gentleman whose mental faculties never reach their full power except under the irritation of a blister. Such instances as these are regarded by Mr. Greg as corroborating his theory.

In Naugatuck Valley, Conn., last week the ice accumulated so thickly on the trees that the bending branches interfered with the railroad trains. One train was stopped a number of times while the brakemen cut off the ice laden branches.

SLIGHTLY SARCASTIC.—The printing business is the most fascinating and entrancing occupation that man can follow for a livelihood. It is not only an exceedingly pleasant and highly respectable calling, but, also, a very lucrative employment. Large fortunes are continually being realized by newspaper publishers without the slightest effort, and, take it all in all, it is the easiest way to gain a subsistence one can find. Printing debts are almost self-collectable. You never have to ask for your pay only once. Everybody is so kind and thoughtful that it is no trick at all to gather in your stamps. Buy a printing office and learn for yourself how truthful are these remarks.

UNCERTAINTY OF RICHES.—As illustrating the uncertainty of riches in San Francisco, a letter cites the case of the late Thomas H. Shelby, long one of the most prominent and prudent business men in that city, holding millions of property, and supposed to be worth his millions, and yet, after his death, when they settled the estate and paid all his debts there was absolutely nothing left.

A man can find fault in any direction he is pleased to look for it.

Persian proverb says: There are only two days for which to feel anxious. One is the day that is past, the other the day to come.

"Found Parties."

This species of entertainment appears to be growing in popularity, and "found parties" are now held in all part of the country. A New York correspondent describes as follows one recently held in that city at the residence of Elliott Sheppard:

"Some time ago William H. Vanderbilt's daughter married Elliott Sheppard; but I have not heard much of this pair till their recent pound party brought them into notice. The rule on such occasions is that each guest shall bring a package of one pound weight, but the contents may be anything that has a value. Some bring a pound of coffee, another a book weighing a pound, etc. As a part of the entertainment these are sold at auction, and the proceeds are given to charity. As the contents are unknown the opening of parcels adds to the amusement. On this occasion the bidding was very liberal, and the sum of \$1,500 was realized. Some of the prices were surprising. One fellow ran a parcel up to twenty-five dollars and found he had a package of mince meat. Another parcel brought twenty dollars and was found to contain cigars. The entire amount was appropriated to the Young Women's Christian Association, which is a new but very deserving object. Among the guests on this occasion were Mr. and Mrs. William H. Vanderbilt, and the family was largely represented."

Don't.

Don't insult a poor man. His muscles may be well developed.

Don't fret. The world will move on as usual after you are gone.

Don't color meerschaums for a living. It is simply dying by inches.

Don't say "I told you so. Two to one you never said a word about it."

Don't throw dirt into your teacher's eyes. It would injure the pupil.

Don't worry about the ice crop. Keep cool and you will have enough.

Don't turn up your nose at light things. Think of bread and taxation.

Don't buy a coach to please your wife. Better make her a little sulky.

Don't write long obituaries. Save some of your kind words for those living.

Don't imagine that everything is weakening. Butter is strong in this market.

Don't publish your acts of charity. The Lord will keep the account straight.

Don't mourn over financial grievances. Bide your time and real sorrow will come.

Don't put on airs in your new clothes. Remember the tailor is suffering.

Don't be too sentimental. A dead heart, properly cooked, will make a savory meal.

Don't ask your pastor to pray without notes. How else can he pay his provision bill.

Don't ask the Lord to keep your "garments unspotted." He isn't renovating old clothes.

Don't linger while "your love lies dreaming." Wake her up and tell her to get the breakfast.

Don't stand and point the way to heaven. Spiritual guide boards save but few sinners.

Don't worry about another man's business. A little selfishness is sometimes commendable.

Don't attempt to punish all your enemies at once. You can't do a large business with a small capital.

Don't imagine that you can correct all the evils in the world. A grain of sand is not prominent in the desert.

Advice to Girls.

Somebody gives the following advice to girls. It is worth volumes of fiction and sentimentalism.—Men who are worth having want women for wives.

A bundle of gewgaws, bounded with a string of flaps and quavers, sprinkled with cologne and set in

Troy Notes.

Sat., Jan. 29th, was gloomy and rainy from morning till night. But to "Old Probabilities" the moon shone out in the evening and the room of the Troy Deaf-mute Literary Club was well filled with deaf-mutes and their friends from the city and surrounding vicinity. About thirty-five deaf-mutes besides many hearing persons were present. During the proceedings Rev. Dr. Gallaudet arrived and was cordially greeted by the audience. He delivered a lecture to the club the subject of which was, "The voyage of life, the journey of life, and the battle of life," which was duly appreciated, and will be long remembered. At the close of the lecture a handsome collection was taken up by Dr. Gallaudet for the benefit of the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-mutes, for which he thanked the audience.

The next day he held a service for the deaf and dumb in Albany, at which there was an unusually large attendance of deaf-mutes. In the evening a similar service was held at Lansingburgh, and the Dr. was both surprised and pleased to see nineteen deaf-mutes present at the evening service. He spoke to the hearing audience on the subjects of the Church Mission to Deaf-mutes, and the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-mutes. The hearers seemed deeply interested in his remarks.

In the evening of the 12th ult., the Troy Club debated the question: "Resolved that the deaf-mutes should form a colony for themselves." There was a good attendance. James M. Witbeck spoke for the affirmative, followed by Charles A. Smith for the negative. The question could not be decided for lack of a two-thirds vote.

Some of the pupils of the New York Institution, who came home on account of the typhoid epidemic at the institution, have been notified to return to school, the disease having abated.

We learn with regret that Rev. Mr. Gwynne, Rector of St. Paul's Free Chapel, where there is a Bible class of deaf-mutes taught by Mrs. Atkins, in place of Miss E. D. Clapp, is to resign and go to Cohoes to become rector of a church at that place. He has always held deaf-mute services in his chapel, Rev. Mr. Berry being his interpreter.

"Bill."

Troy, N. Y., Feb. 24th, 1876.

Still Another Good Time among the Deaf-Mutes of Chicago.

CLARENDON HILLS, DuPage Co., Ill., Feb. 26th, 1876.

EDITOR JOURNAL.—Dear Sir: The members of the Chicago Deaf-mute Society gave a party at their room, No. 89 Madison St., on Tuesday evening, the 22d inst., to commemorate the birthday of Washington. To give zest to the entertainment the ladies proposed to claim the privilege granted them this year, and take the opportunity when the beaux were dressed in their Sunday-best to make proposals (of course when they appeared on the stage they wore masks, but nevertheless they were very pretty and attractive.) They found no difficulty in engaging a companion and were married at once; Prof. Emery officiating to the satisfaction of all parties. After the marriage ceremonies, an old black woman appeared, and the young men began to tremble in their boots, but she soon quieted their fears by saying that she had been a servant in General George Washington's family, and she loved, and honored him for his kind and noble deeds. The curtain now fell and here closed the laughable pantomime.

The attention of the company was next directed to some poetry by Miss Angie A. Fuller, beautifully written in a large, plain hand, hanging on the wall; (the hall is still decorated with festoons of evergreen.) They soon discovered it was an acrostic on the name of the Father of our Country, and highly applauded Miss Fuller's genius. It is as follows:

Give to the noble,
Each swiftly fleeting year,
One day, in which to spread
Rare blossoms round his bier;
Give him a grateful song,
Eulogium or tear.

Write off his name and deeds;
And tell about his youth;
Scatter as precious seeds
His words of love and truth,
In every State and land,
'Nearth cold or tropic sky.
Give yearly pledge and proof,
Truth cannot, shall not die;
Or noble patriot dead,
Neglected always lie.

After reading this, a prayer was offered by Prof. Emery, which was followed with an appropriate address by him, and also addresses from Miss Fuller and E. P. H., relating to the exalted character and virtues of him whose birth they celebrated. These exercises over, then came the refreshments—cakes, candies, figs, oranges, etc., in abundance, when were made more enjoyable by pleasant chats, toasts and responses.

TOAST—"The twenty-second of February," by E. P. H.

RESPONSE—"May it always be regarded as a great day in our national history," by Mr. Wm. Sullivan.

TOAST—"George Washington," by Mr. Gustavus A. Christenson.

RESPONSE—"The truthful boy, the praying general, and the faithful President," by Mr. N. D. Barnum.

TOAST—"General George Washington," by Edward D. Kingdon.

RESPONSE—"May his name ever be an incentive to truthful words and noble deeds," by Miss Carrie E. Hathaway.

TOAST—"America's first President," by Mr. James K. Watson.

RESPONSE—"May his name ever occupy the most honorable place in American history," by Mr. P. A. Emery.

TOAST—"The Father of our Country," by Prof. P. A. Emery.

RESPONSE—"May the century upon which we are soon to enter, bear him many honorable sons, and the anniversary

of his birth be proudly celebrated for all centuries to come," by Miss Angie A. Fuller.

The remainder of the evening, till a late hour, was spent in free and pleasant conversation, which none can appreciate more keenly than the deaf-mutes, and as we were about to separate, each to seek their homes, the question naturally arose, "When shall we all meet again."

Yours very respectfully,

E. P. HOLMES.

New York Institution Notes.

The many friends of the New York Institution will rejoice to know that none of the pupils are sick now, and the school is once more organized and everything goes on as well, or better even, than before. The directors, who have always had the best interests of the institution at heart, have done all they could to remedy every defect and to supply all the wants of the institution; so they had a vacation of one month, commencing Jan. 26th, and ending Feb. 24th. The officers took advantage of the absence of the pupils, to have the building cleaned and fumigated from garret to cellar, painted, repaired, and new ventilators placed in the large sitting-room, etc., till everything is as sweet and clean as a new pin. All can see that the officers have done their work thoroughly. The institution is fortunate in having such men as Drs. Peet and Porter for Principal and Superintendent, and while the institution is thus fortunate there is no cause for the friends of the pupils to fear that all will not be well, for everything possible has been done to make our noble institution, of which we are so justly proud, one of the greatest blessings to the class it was intended to benefit.

All the teachers and officers are present now, none of them having had the fever, excepting Mr. Currier, and he is now as well and active as ever. Mr. Pettigall has resigned.

I notice, in a late number of your paper, that Mr. Westervelt, one of the teachers, has been appointed Principal of the new institution to be started in Rochester next fall. He will, no doubt, make an excellent and very capable Principal, for he has spent the greater part of his life thus far in institutions for deaf-mutes, and as he has had the opportunity of seeing different ways of management in these different places, he can choose the method which his experience dictates to be the best. We shall look forward with much interest to see how the affairs of the new institution progress.

It will be a relief to the friends of those pupils who live in the western part of the State and who attend here, because the expense of the trips to and from is no trifling matter. It will also relieve this institution, as the number of pupils has of late been so great and so constantly on the increase that the Directors have been obliged to refuse to receive any more pupils from New Jersey. But, notwithstanding all this, there is no reason to think that there will be a great difference in the usual number of pupils, only the satisfaction of knowing they will not be so uncomfortably crowded as they would if it were not for the new schools being started and the New Jersey pupils being provided for nearer home as they should have been long ago.

In your paper of March 2th, there was a notice stating that Mr. Collins, a graduate of the High Class, and Miss Murphy, a member of the class this year, were married on the 24th ult. It was a false report as the lady was here on the day mentioned, and when shown the paper denied the statement. So you are at liberty to tell the person who gave you the information, that he or she must be more sure and not be in such haste to report next time.

John C. Cottman, a member of the High Class, has had the good fortune to draw a prize, in the shape of a handsome sewing machine. He did not buy a lottery ticket, but simply subscribed for Frank Leslie's *Boys and Girl's Weekly*, and he got a ticket with the paper (as all of their subscribers do) and his ticket drew this handsome prize, which excites the admiration of every one who sees it. Some boys might have been at a loss to know what to do with it, but he decided, like a sensible young gentleman who loves his parents, to send it home and thus do his share towards making home happy by helping those who brighten his life with their labor of love. The gift of a handsome and serviceable sewing machine is no small matter in these hard times. All will be glad to hear of the good fortune of our deserving young friend.

1776. "Fort" Stratton. 1876.

We are enabled to give an accurate report of the party tendered to Mr. and Mrs. Fred Stratton at their residence, No. 101 Charles street, N. Y., on the 23d ult.

The "weather prophet" reported as follows: "Decidedly cold, and clear or partly cloudy." Decidedly cold, indeed, but the writer ventured out and arrived at the place as soon as the bony, sorrowful car-horses could carry him, but he is sorry to say that the whip was too frequently used on the backs of the poor beasts.

The cold snap kept a great many back, but the parlors were quite crowded, and enough were present to make the evening a very enjoyable one. Being comfortably seated by the roasting stove, the scribe soon fell into an interesting conversation, but the topic of his conversation was not the Third Term or Babcock's trial. It is hard to say exactly whether he arrived late or early, for while entering the cosy rooms of the host and hostess, he found that long before the hour for opening had arrived, the parlors were well filled with guests busily inspecting and admiring the elegant costumes of the others.

The gathering was in all senses a grand success, and the assemblage enjoyed themselves in a delightful manner, and the

old adage, "We'll not go home till morning" was fully exemplified. The scene soon became most animated and brilliant. The dresses of the ladies present were mostly of the style of one hundred years ago, although there was no striking display in the costumes of the ladies, all were well attired. The hair of the ladies was not powdered and it set off their smiling faces beautifully, and the scene in the parlors during the evening was sufficiently brilliant to satisfy the spirits of 1776, if there were any present.

The few hours were spent in dancing and other innocent parlor amusements, and everything passed off as merrily as the most light heart could wish.

The attention of those present was called to form into an opening promenade. Mrs. Dr. Gallaudet with Mr. M. Heyman took the lead, and with their army made an attack upon "Fort Stratton," which meant an attack upon the supper table which was bountifully loaded with the most tempting viands, which the assaulting party could not resist and the attack was a satisfactory victory for the party, who, after "fixing" the mottoes, and "throwing Cupid's arrows," returned to the parlors where they enjoyed themselves till the light of Thursday morning streamed through the curtained windows and paled away the glitter of the burning fluid which had shone upon the children of silence.

Those at the table were waited upon by a bevy of pretty ladies, who by their appearance added relish to the viands on the table. The scribe of the JOURNAL was left behind to partake of the next table. We had the honor to be escorted to the table by Mrs. S. M. Brown, (nee Emma V. Spencer) the lovely wife of the Treasurer of the Manhattan Literary Association. Soon after supper the guests were furnished with a freezer of vanilla, which, though in a frozen condition, was partaken of on a freezing night.

Those hailing from the New York Institution were Misses K. C. Shute, F. Stubner, M. Whitehead, and C. Fullman, and Messrs. J. F. Donnelly, H. Stengle, T. Holland, John Hogan and others.

It is our painful duty to announce that the lips of these dear creatures were too frequently used throughout the evening. It was "too much" for the seniors. The post office, a lip-to-lip amusement, was kept open too long by persons from the institution, and when it got "played out" the fair sex's faces were too sad to be looked upon; but the "lip-to-lip" amusements seemed to be the main feature of the evening.

It was about 2 o'clock when the seniors left, but the younger portion kept up all kinds of amusements, to which the lip was the key, until morning dawned. Too bad! indeed, but it is what a lover and sweetheart like to indulge in. Unhappily, the writer went to sleep after indulging in a two cent *la favorita*, and in consequence thereof he did not ascertain the names of those present. We must, however, congratulate the committee who had charge of the affair for performing their respective duties so well.

AGRIPTA.

Brooklyn, Feb. 28, 1876.

Brooklyn and Vicinity Notes.

On Thursday, Feb. 17, the rooms of the Manhattan Literary Association were well filled, and a large number of the faces were totally unknown to the writer. It had been announced that Mr. H. D. Reaves would deliver a lecture before that body on this evening, and this announcement probably brought the unusually large audience. The President was in the chair; the Secretary, Mr. J. S. Wells, read the minutes, and at the conclusion of his reading, said that Mr. Reaves had declined to come and lecture. The Committee on Amendments read their reports which were on motion approved. A general awakening ensued between Messrs. W. A. Bond and Geo. Farley, which the reporter pen is not allowed to describe. By a misunderstanding the President adjourned the meeting in the midst of the hot discussion.

For the maintenance and care of the deaf and dumb of New Brunswick, we understand a bill was introduced by Mr. Jarrard to appropriate \$200,000 for the purpose; the Governor and Senate to be vested with power to appoint trustees.

The evening school for the deaf-mutes of New York, of which Mr. J. S. Wells is the teacher, closed for the season on the 21st of Feb.

Mr. Le Roy Deming, a deaf-mute from Connecticut, said to be partly insane, has been added to the number of inmates of the National Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-mutes.

A grand charity concert given under the auspices and for the benefit of the National Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-mutes, was held in Steinway Hall, on the 22d inst., when the building was crowded. We do not know at present how much the proceeds were.

A meeting of the Manhattan Literary Association. The President occupied the chair. The minutes were read and approved. The Committee on Amusements sent in their report. The principal business was the impeachment trial of Mr. George Farley, the report of which we shall hereafter send.

The Sunnyside Social Club, of Brooklyn, held its regular monthly meeting on the 26 inst. The President, Mr. Geo. H. Witschiet, occupied the chair. The Secretary read the minutes which were approved. There was not much business transacted and the meeting soon adjourned.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet being absent on the 27th inst., the Rev. J. Chamberlain held services in St. Ann's Church.

AGRIPTA.

Brooklyn, Feb. 29, 1876.

There will be a Dime Social and Maple Sugar Festival at the house of Phineas Davis, on Thursday evening of next week, March 23d. All are cordially invited.

The Wild Family of Wyoming County, Pa.

In the fall of 1871, says the *Oneida Democrat and Union*, quite a sensation was created in this neighborhood by the discovery in the wilderness of Wyoming County of a family of wild people, consisting of a man and his two children. The latter roamed the woods in a nude condition, subsisting on nuts, roots, etc. The man lived in a miserable hut, where his children sometimes slept. He was possessed of a good education, and clothed with rags and surrounded with filth, he spent his time in studying an old Bible.

He seemed to have a profound knowledge of Scriptural subjects, and was well versed in ancient and modern history. He possessed, also, extraordinary elocutionary powers, and had invented a system of short-hand, which he wrote with remarkable speed, and read with fluency. Soon after the discovery of these strange beings a man named Robinson sought to make money out of them by exhibiting them through the country. To obtain the children he was obliged to kidnap them, and by a course of most cruel treatment compelled them to submit to be partly clothed. When clothing was first put on them they tore it into shreds. The father was induced to accompany them, and served as reader, lecturer, and shorthand writer.

The children were a boy and girl. They were named William and Melvina. The latter was 22 years old, perfectly developed, but somewhat dwarfed in appearance. The boy was 19. There was a remarkable resemblance between them. Their hands were small, with receding foreheads, and were covered with long, matted, white hair. Their noses and mouths were very large, and their eyes small. The expression of their faces was idiotic. They were mutes, as far as emitting intelligible sounds is concerned, but they had a strange, harsh, gibberish in which their father insisted they communicated understandingly with one another.

The exhibitions of this degraded family were so shocking to the sensibilities of the public that the exhibitor was compelled to abandon his speculation, and the "wild-mutes," as they were termed, were returned to their retreat in the woods in the winter of 1872.

They were gradually forgotten, but in 1873 their father appeared at Tunkhannock and made the charge that his son had killed his sister and attempted the life of his father, and asked that he be taken charge of by the authorities. The wild boy was arrested with great difficulty and lodged in jail. All efforts to get him to wear clothing were unsuccessful, and he was so violent that no one dared to enter the cell unprotected. Nothing could be done with him, and some weeks after he was secured, he was returned to the woods. Ever since he has been a source of annoyance to the authorities, and he has at last been disposed of by being captured and incarcerated in the insane asylum at Danville, Pa., by order of the court. The extraordinary story of the family, as told officially by the father, which has no parallel in modern times, is as follows:

The name of the father of these wild mutes is Thomas Wells Parke. He is 55 years old, and was born in Exeter, Luzerne County. He lived in that place until he was 15 years old, obtaining the rudiments of an English education. Beyond the fact that when he was of that age his parents moved into the wilderness of Wyoming County, to the spot where he was discovered with his family in 1871, and that they died there, and were buried in the woods by his own hands, nothing is known of his antecedents. His father left 50 acres of land, on which Parke's hut now stands. When he was 26 years of age he married a girl of 20, named Mary Seales. She was sickly and subject to insane spells. The girl Melvina was born in 1849, and the boy nearly three years later. Their mother never gave them any attention, and from the time they were old enough to get about they were compelled to look out for themselves. They never spoke a word in their lives, nor had a garment of any kind on them until the showman took them away. They early took to the woods and grew up like the animals that infested the region. From digging roots and hunting nests, they acquired the habit of going on all fours, and were almost as fleet as a deer. They were equally agile in an erect position. They subsisted on nuts, roots, bark, etc., and also systematically hunted mice, rats, rabbits, ground moles and other burrowing animals, which they devoured raw.

They climbed the highest trees with ease, and hunted birds' nests, the contents of which, whether eggs or young birds, were choice food to them. They wandered about in the most rigorous winter weather, and sometimes remained away from home days at a time. Their skin became almost black from exposure, and at the time they were discovered by sears made wild dogs and wolves with the woods. The skin of the palms of their hands and soles of their feet was thick and as hard as horn. The disposition of the boy at that time was ugly and vicious.

He had made several assaults upon his sister, wounding her badly, and had attempted to kill his mother, who ran away from the hut in March, 1871, and never returned.

Left alone with his wild offspring, the father noted with alarm the increasing ferocity of the boy, and, when he could not control him, he tied him in the hut for the safety of himself and girl. This increased his fury and he was released. The dissipation of the girl was gentler, and she was quite docile.

When they returned from their short tour with the showman, it was in the midst of the severe winter of 1872. Parke had left her about the time he usually gathered his crop of potatoes and turnips, all he had on his land, and when he came back there was nothing left for him to sustain on. His children

at once betook themselves to the woods. The snow was very deep, and they could find but very little to eat. It had been their custom previously to make out their winter's subsistence by sharing their father's potatoes, which he cooked in a hole dug in the ground in his hut. This stock having been exhausted, they suffered terribly from hunger. Parke obtained occasional relief from the surrounding villages, but it seems, curiously enough, that no move was made to deal permanently with this wretched family. The mutes stripped the bark from trees, and even ate the straw which formed their father's bed in one corner of the hut. They fought each other like wild beasts, and their father lived in mortal terror for nearly three months. Near his hut is a swamp, which is the home of myriads of the smaller reptiles, which they have been known to catch and eat. This is not only testified to by their father, but by others, who declare that they saw the boy catch and eat a water snake.

Parke says that this horrid diet increased the ferocity of his children. One day the brother and sister came into the hut and a fight ensued between them. Parke was compelled to fly. Bill, as the boy was called, attacked his sister with an old case knife he had found in the house. He stabbed her in the breast and in other places. She ran bleeding into the woods. Her father found her afterwards, lying at the foot of a tree, dead. He carried her body deep into the woods and buried it.

Parke continued to live in the hut, but was frequently compelled to leave it to escape the fury of his son. Finally, early in 1873, he made the complaint against him, and has at last had his brutish child disposed of.

Parke is a thin, wiry man, ragged and slovenly. His head is covered with long, white, unkempt hair, and he has a flowing white beard. He attributed the lamentable condition of his children to the incapacity of his wife to oversee and train them, saying that he was too much absorbed in his scientific and literary pursuits to notice their wants.

Shortly after the death of Melvina he published a card asking for information as to the whereabouts of his wife, and begged her to come and look after the needs of her remaining child. He is, by many, considered insane. It is reported here that a movement is to be made to have him sent to the insane asylum.

Still Another Railroad Incorporation.

The following certificate of the formation of the Syracuse and Southwestern Railroad Company was filed in the office of the Secretary of State during the week ending February 19th, 1876: Incorporators—Wm. L. Burr, F. W. Curran, Henry W. Poor and their associates, desire to organize under the general railroad act for building and maintaining a railroad from the city of Syracuse to the town of Cortlandville, county of Cortland, and to the junction with the Utica, Clinton & Binghamton railroad; the Utica, Ithaca & Elmira railroad; the New York & Oswego Midland railroad; the New York Central & Hudson River railroad; the Syracuse & Chenango railroad, and the Syracuse & Northern railroad, and will run into the city of Utica, Capital, \$1,000,000, in 10,000 shares of \$100 each. Term, 100 years. Counties in which the road is situated, Onondaga, Cortland and Madison.

Civil Damage Case Settled by the Payment of \$400.

The Mannsville correspondent of the *Sandy Creek News* says: The action brought against the Clarks of Lacona, by A. A. Wheeler, Esq., of this place, in favor of Mrs. Melissa Hurley, for the killing of her husband by the cars passing over his body in consequence of being intoxicated with liquor obtained at their bar, has been settled by the defendants paying the sum of four hundred dollars to the plaintiff. Had the defendants allowed the action to have gone before the court it would probably have been a very serious matter for them. Mr. Wheeler took the case out of sympathy for the widow and has done himself and the Temperance cause good credit.

Real Estate Sales.

Peter Sandhovel to David Sandhovel, lot in Oswego Falls, \$500. April, 1850. Alva A. House to Andrew House, land in Albion, \$2,900. Feb., 1876. Franklin Harding to R. T. Harding, land in Palermo, \$3,000. Feb., 1876. Silas Hanchett to Franklin Harding, land in Palermo, \$2,500. October, 1875. Ephraim D. Mowry to L. M. Willis, et al., land in Richland, \$25.50. December, 1875. Mary Banks to John Rogers, et al., land in Amboy, \$15. Feb., 1876. Adelia E. Benson, et al., to Ebenezer G. Bliss, land in Parish, \$200. Nov., 1874.

nis, land in Parish, \$3,000. Oct., 1875. Romayne C. Robertson to Hamilton A. Mosher, land in Parish, \$900. Feb., 1876.

H. A. Mosher to R. C. Robertson, land in Mexico, \$700. Feb., 1876.

James J. Coit to Martin Whealon, land in Hastings, \$4,644.30. September, 1872.

Emma Pierce to Lemuel Belding, land in Hastings, \$20. Oct., 1875.

Lemuel Belding to Daniel Rice, land in Hastings, \$265. Nov., 1875.

Lydia B. Gibbons to Geo. Richer, land in Hastings, \$60. Oct., 1875.

Ann H. Feskel to Harriet M. Dingman, land in Albion, \$225. March, 1876.

The Syracuse Standard says: "We learn that it is the intention of the Syracuse and Binghamton and Oswego division of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western railroad company to unite in the building of a new passenger depot near the rink. It has been needed for a long time."

News of the Week.

The United States Senate, on Wednesday, after a long debate, refused to admit Mr. P. B. S. Pinchbach as a Senator from Louisiana by a vote of 32 to 29.

The Connecticut greenback men nominated Charles Atwater, of New Haven, for Governor.

A ring has been unearthed in Chicago, which furnishes professional jurymen and witnesses; it has numerous ramifications throughout the country.

A shower of flesh is reported to have occurred at Mt. Sterling, Ky., Wednesday, while the sky was clear.

Lady Augusta Stanley was buried in Westminster Abbey, London, Thursday, an honor rarely accorded to a woman.

War broke out between Japan and Corea on Wednesday. Japan declared war and has blockaded the Korean ports.

The United States Senate, Friday, by a vote of 35 to 15, passed the bill admitting New Mexico as a State.

The Wilmington Conference Seminary at Dover, Del., was burned Friday; loss \$50,000, partially insured.

Judge Taft took the oath of office as Secretary of War, Saturday.

Twenty-six people were killed by a landslide in Cant, North Germany, Friday.

Twenty-four Egyptian soldiers were killed at Suez by the explosion of the boiler of the steamer transporting them.

Dr. Storrs, on Sunday, reviewed the results of the Plymouth Advisory Council and expressed great dissatisfaction with them. He also criticised sharply the plan for investigating future charges against Mr. Beecher.

A violent storm prevailed throughout the British Isles, Sunday, and telegraph lines were blown down to a great extent.

Nearly all the coal miners in Ohio are on a strike.

The book and job printers in New York are beginning to strike.

The colliers at Pottsville are resuming work.

Seven bodies have been recovered from the ruins of the poor house, at Norwich, Conn.; three are missing.

Thursday, the Abyssinian army was repulsed in an attack at Goodrah on the river Decassa Depa by the Egyptians with a loss of 5,000 killed.

A tornado killed eight and wounded many more people at Hazelgreen, Wis., and three were killed at Elizabethtown, Mo.

The liabilities of Daniel Drew are over \$1,000,000, and the assets are very small.

The Reading (Pa.) Coal and Iron Company's colliers resumed work Monday morning, giving employment to a large number of men and boys.

Dr. Storrs' church, after sharp debate, adopted resolutions rejecting the conclusions of the Plymouth Advisory Council, and declaring itself not bound to remain in fellowship with a church adhering to such principles.

Lieut.-Gov. Davis of Mississippi has been found guilty under his impeachment.

The Republicans of Maine have gained in their local elections over last year.

Dr. Bacon lectured at New Haven, on the Advisory Council, and said Plymouth had evaded the real question in the case.

New Hampshire Elections.

CONCORD, N. H., March 14.—The republicans are confident that they have made a clean sweep, and are very jubilant. There is no doubt that they have elected a majority of the senators, and they claim a majority of the house of 15. The democrats do not concede that the house is republican. E. H. Rollins, of the republican State committee, considers that the republicans have elected nine of the twelve senators, and that they will have a majority in the house of 20. He thinks Cheney's majority will be at least 1,200.

Bold Robbery.

Five masked men entered the house of James Crosby, a wealthy farmer living on the Dollytown road, near Farmer's Station on the Northern New Jersey railroad, early Sunday morning, and took off \$20,000 worth of United States bonds and \$10,000 worth of silverware and jewelry. The thieves then took from Crosby's stable his buggy and one of his best horses and drove away. Neither horse nor buggy have been seen since. The men were masked, and as Crosby demurred to their demand that he unlock his safe for them, they gave him a beating and threatened to kill him if their demands were not complied with. Thus persuaded, Crosby opened the safe, and the robbers apologized for the violence offered him. Their masks were of plain white muslin, with holes for eyes, mouth and nose. The thieves' conversation was slang, and evidently intended to give Crosby the impression that they came from New York.

The dairymen of Oswego county held a meeting at Fulton, March 9, to reorganize the Fulton Board of Trade. Officers were elected for the year as follows: O. Henderson, President; Vice Presidents, Fred. Vant, Milo Wilcox, E. M. Carrier; Secretary and Treasurer, A. Bennett; Directors, Fred. Wilsie, Hannibal; J. D. Burnasky, Schroppel; J. H. Morton, Plainville; J. Van Buren, New Haven; N. M. Dix, Scriba. The first sale day of the season will occur May 31.

An exchange suggests that the misguided, but well meaning citizens who get up at five o'clock in the morning all through the spring and plant garden seeds for their neighbors' hens to grow fat on, should commence to sharpen up their little shovels.

Miss Addie Barnes, of Antwerp, is visiting her friends in town.

Arthur Delore offers to sell his bones (not his flesh) at a low price.

DEIERS.

—Remember the Pound Party, —At the Empire Hall, on Friday evening of this week.

—The Spring Term of Mexico Academy begins next Tuesday.

—Stop whining about hard times. Be thankful that they are no worse.

—News agents will hereafter run on the trains of the Syracuse and Northern railroad.

—A few days ago a

Facts and Fancies.

Miserly uncles are very poor relatives. Offerings of the season—Twenty cents on a dollar.

Geology is the science a driver teaches his cattle.

One of the beauties of truth is that it conveys a right impression.

A circular saw—a proverb that goes the round of society.

Compel a woman to stop talking and she becomes a mute sufferer.

When are eyes not eyes? When the wind makes them water.

When birds soar they warble, but when a throat's sore it doesn't.

We can always see more work for other people to do than for ourselves.

The higher classes—the "lure" classes. The lower classes—the "hire" classes.

There are five counties in Georgia in which there is not a hired man.

A hundred pounds of flour cost twenty-eight dollars in the Black Hills.

Galveston has a Venetian floating boarding house and beer garden.

That was a rum fellow who got mad because Santa Cruz didn't bring him a present.

That was a faithful wife out West who raffled off her Bible to get her husband out of jail.

If a man learns quick and forgets slowly, he will learn something before he dies.

"Natural humpbuds"—bees. Artificial humpbuds—girls. A "big bug"—the cockroach.

It is said the Cape Cod girls have adopted as a motto, "Don't marry until you can support a husband."

The proverb says, "Laugh and grow fat." What a saving of corn it would be if pigs could laugh.

A charitable lady in London has contributed £1,000 toward a noiseless pavement in front of Middlesex Hospital.

Turkey moves to send a case of goats to the Centennial. Carried u-nanny-mously.

A mean man thinks more of a dollar than anything else in the world, excepting two dollars.

How to carry the least virtue and get the most credit for it, is a problem of the age.

This country will be on its ear—that is, its frontier—if those Mexicans do not quit raiding and behave themselves.

"That's going too far," as the Boston man said when his wife ran away to San Francisco with another man.

An English revivalist slid down the bannisters of his pulpit in order to show how people went on backsliding.

It is the wife who has the making of a man's home, says an exchange. True, and now and then she makes his wig wam too.

The language of flowers is tender and beautiful; but it contains no satisfactory expression for the man who stubs his toes.

The London Lancet says that the habit of secret drunkenness is becoming very common among the boys at the English public schools.

Miss Hobert, a Massachusetts girl, has purchased twenty acres of land in Westminster, Cal., and is devoting half of it to—onions.

"What is the interior of Africa principally used for?" asked a teacher of a pupil. "For purposes of exploration," was the reply.

"Marriage," said an unfortunate husband, "is the churchyard of love." "And you men," replied his wife, "are the grave diggers."

Adirondack Murray has secured a limb of the "Old Elm" of Boston Common, and purposes having two pulpit chairs made of it for his new church.

The following advertisement lately appeared in an English newspaper: "A pianoforte to be sold, genuine Broadwood, by a lady about to leave England in a rosewood case on mahogany castors."

Mr. Gladstone invited the Jubilee Singers to take tea with him last month. They sang "John Brown," much to the satisfaction of their host, who said, "There is real inspiration in that song."

It is now generally believed that, when Boss Tweed went up stairs to see if there was a robber in the house, he inadvertently sat down upon a box of dynamite—because he is now being found all over the country.

A Lynchburg negro about to die, confessed that three years ago he robbed and killed a man. He declared that almost nightly since the murder he dreamed it over, and the horrors of remorse are supposed to have brought on the fatal illness. He died praying for forgiveness.

Rev. Adirondack Murray said in his sermon a week or two ago, "Heaven is not populated with singing thieves, or palm-bearing bankrupts, who settle with their creditors at twenty-five cents on the dollar Wednesday, and ride to church the next Sabbath in a thousand dollar coach, with a man in livery on the box."

There is an ancient maiden lady of 82, living in Taunton, Mass., who has never seen a train of cars, dresses in Centennial fashion, burns tallow dips, and has not called upon her neighbors for five years. If she does not make the most of the present year and its peculiar privileges, there is fear that she will die an old maid.

The Dark Cell.

In the Eastern Penitentiary at Philadelphia, dark-cell treatment is only resorted to in the most obstinate cases. The last annual report shows twenty applications in a criminal population of seven hundred or more.

"You will bear in mind that under the laws which govern the commonwealth neither the lash nor the paddle can be applied to obdurate prisoners," said an officer of the Penitentiary to the writer. "Does the same man undergo such treatment often?"

"The cases are very rare of a double application. One generally suffices."

"What is the usual effect, mentally, morally, and physically?"

"Mentally I have never noticed any; neither have I physically. Morally, it has considerable. When a prisoner once undergoes such treatment he rarely desires to try it again. A man once conquered by dark-cell treatment is conquered for his full term."

"Is it always so effective?"

"I have never known it to fail. I remember that some years ago, when I was more closely connected with our prisons, there was a murderer brought from one of the interior counties to the Eastern Penitentiary. He was a colored man of excellent physique, but brutal in the extreme. The crime he had committed was atrocious in its character, and that he was not convicted of murder in the first degree was simply owing to cowardice on the part of the jury. He had been incarcerated but a few hours when he attempted to rule the prison. He grossly insulted his keeper, and announced that he intended to do just as he pleased. In order to discipline him he was put on bread-and-water diet, but with no good result. Then the dark-cell treatment was resorted to. For two days he bore it bravely. At the beginning of the third day he sent for the chaplain and desired to know what such treatment meant, and how long he would have to undergo it."

"Until you submit to the rulings of those who have you in charge and resolve to conduct yourself decently," said the chaplain.

"How long will that be?" asked the culprit.

"That depends on yourself," answered the chaplain.

"Well, nobody ever conquered me yet," said the prisoner, "and nobody's going to do it now."

"Very well," said the chaplain, "perhaps you'll think differently before many days roll around."

Forty-eight hours more passed, when the prisoner sent for the warden.

"How much longer am I to stay in this place?" he inquired.

"Until you resolve to obey the rules which govern this institution. When you apologize to your keeper and promise to comply with our requirements you shall be released."

"Suppose I don't do that, what then?"

"Then you will remain just where you are."

"How long will that be?"

"You are sentenced for twelve years, and unless you do as I have said you will spend every hour of those twelve years in this cell, unless you die in the meantime. This rests entirely with yourself."

"Well, I tell you that you can't conquer me this way."

"Very well," said the warden, and the interview ended.

Three days more passed, and the warden was again sent for.

"I have come to terms," said the prisoner, "and am ready to do as you desire." He then apologized to his keeper, promising obedience, and proved a most exemplary prisoner ever afterward. This was one of the longest applications of the treatment I ever knew of in the Eastern Penitentiary. Physically or mentally it had no visible effect. In fact, I have never known of any case of injury resulting from the treatment. Our dark cells are different from the others. In the Eastern Penitentiary the dark cell is formed by placing a covering over the skylight of an ordinary cell. In the Auburn (N. Y.) prison the dark cell is nothing more than a stone box.

The floor is formed of a single slab, and the ceiling of a slab, and the walls of masonry. The cell is 3 feet wide, 6 feet high and 6 feet long. There are two doors, one of iron and the other of oak, with no openings. A sprinkling of sawdust half an inch deep covers the floor, and a gill of water and four ounces of bread form the allowance of twenty-four hours. Such a mode of treatment may be imagined. The reports of the prison show that about one half of the insane cases at Auburn have resulted from such treatment. In the Penitentiary the prisoner is allowed all the water he wants, and from half a pound to a pound of bread per day.

So great is the excitement over the recent discoveries at Pike's Peak, and so rich all the country thereabouts, that a citizen of Colorado Springs, as a joke, reduced a stone jug in a mortar, carried the powder to an assayer, and was much surprised to find the jug yielded at the rate of \$17.82 to the ton. The assayer is evidently determined not to let the new district suffer for want of favorable reports.

After giving Sandy certain directions about kirk matters, the minister smiled once or twice, and remarked, "Saunders, I fear you have been 'tasting this morning.' " "Deed, sir," replied Sandy, with the coolest effrontery, set off with a droll glance of his brown eyes, "deed, sir, I was just gain to observe I thought there was a smell of speerits among us this morning."

One county in Illinois sold its peppercorn crop last year for \$500,000.

Have the Best of it.

Is woman so very much oppressed by our present social system, after all? A correspondent of an evening contemporary undertakes to show that when she marries she has decidedly the best of the bargain, and advances the following strong argument:

She possesses the absolute control over her own property, while the husband is not endowed with the same privilege in respect to his property. "What is his hers; and what is hers her own." She may be rich in her own right, and the husband poor, and yet he is responsible for her debts. Her creditors can seize his property, and leave hers untouched. He must support her, but she need not "contribute a dollar toward the expenses of the household." If she owns the house in which they live, she may turn him out of it. He cannot act in that way toward her. If the husband changes his residence, he cannot compel his wife to accompany him. "She may absent herself as long as it suits her will, and unless he can convict her of outright infidelity, he has no redress." Lastly, the facilities for obtaining divorce are much greater for women than for men. If, then, a woman would be lord and master, the plan is easy—let her marry. Even without the law to aid her, this is perhaps the shortest way of receiving the supremacy said to be hers of right.

Spanish Inns.

The inns of Spain are of three sorts; the *fonda*, or hotel, where board and lodging both are supplied—but these are found only in large towns; the *posada*, or house of rest, where the host only provides shelter, salt, and a bed, if your rank demands such a luxury; the *venta*, or way-side wine-shop; and there is yet a fourth institution, called a *ventarillo*, which is a mere shanty of brushwood, or granite boulders, where a few bottles of *aguardiente*, or white watered wine from the skin, can be bought.

The *posada* is sometimes called the *poador*; and at night the interior of one of these places is indeed a study for the painter. There is a long vaulted room, dark and windowless; there is a batch of mules put up for the night at one end, which is called by courtesy the stable; along and around the walls of this cavern, for such it is, sitting, lying, or crouching on the pitched and dirty floor (the stable liquor is flowing down the middle), are seen the travelers put up for the night; two men, with oil-lamps, are the guards or stable men; there is a small charcoal fire, where the traveler can cook what he has brought with him; there are two or three women frying their *bumelos*, or oil-cakes, over it; a troop of cavalry soldiers, their horses picketed at the end of the vaulted apartment, are lying, some on wooden shelves and ledges in the wall which serve for beds, some on the pitched floor, fast asleep, in their full accoutrements.

When a Missourian was recently on trial for murder, he didn't say he was insane, but simply said: "If yer Honor please, I am guilty. I killed the man because he took my gal from me. She was about the only thing I had; and I didn't want to live after she went, and I didn't want him to live neither. An' I should be obliged to yer Honor if you would hang me as soon as possible."

A young minister, somewhat distinguished for self-conceit, having failed disastrously before a crowded audience, was thus addressed by an aged brother: "If you had gone into that pulpit, feeling as you now do on coming out of that pulpit, you would have felt on coming out that pulpit as you did when you went up into that pulpit."

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